

THE DRAFT.
The Riot in the Ninth
Congressional District.

New York Tribune.

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Headquarters of the Provost-Mar-
shal Burned.

The Draft Slips Destroyed.

SEVERAL OTHER BUILDINGS FIRED.

Telegraph Wires Cut and Fire Bells
Not Allowed to Ring.

Firemen Obstructed in their Duty.

Pavements and Railroad
Tracks Torn Up.

Police Superintendent Kennedy
and Several Policemen
Badly Injured.

SOLDIERS MOBBED.

PRIVATE HOUSES SACKED.

Yesterday morning about 10 o'clock the draft in the Ninth Congressional District of which the headquarters are at the corner of Third Avenue and Forty-sixth street was resumed pursuant to adjournment. Provost-Marshal Capt Jenkins and other members of the Board of Enrollment, with the members of the press were present, together with about three hundred spectators. The drawing was actually commenced about 10 1/2 o'clock, and from 75 to 100 names had been drawn from the wheel and announced, when suddenly the report of a pistol was heard in the street.

This seemed to be the signal for an attack upon the office, for almost upon the instant a perfect shower of bricks, paving stones and other missiles, were hurled from the street into the building, which, of course, took everybody by surprise. Following the shower of stones came an immense crowd who poured into the office carrying everything before them. The wheel containing the remaining ballots of the 22d Ward was carried by two of the clerks to the top story of the house and placed in a room, the inmate of which refused to have it there, when it was left in the hall. The Provost Marshal, Commissioner, Surgeon, engraving clerks, with the members of the press effected their escape by the back door, Capt Jenkins climbing a fence and securing himself in the next house until a favorable moment arrived, when he made his way home.

One of the clerks who endeavored to save some of the papers was seized by the crowd, the papers taken from him by force and torn in pieces. The mob now had possession of the building. In a few moments thereafter a man appeared with a can of turpentine, which he poured on the floor of the office, and setting fire to it, the room was soon in a blaze. All this time the mob kept breaking up the pavement and pelting the police and men attached to the office with stones.

Deputy Provost-Marshal Vanderpool, in his attempt to rescue the people in the house, was attacked by the mob, and though he stated his object in going into the building, was beaten most severely about the head. He subsequently escaped with great difficulty across lots and fences.

The fire which had kindled in the back office spread rapidly to the upper part of the house, the flames in a little time communicating to the three houses adjoining on the North side which were of squall size with the building occupied by the Provost-Marshal.

Around the bell tower in Fifty-first street, the mob had sent their friends to stop the bells from ringing—but when engine No. 33 and hose 53 were coming down Third Avenue, they were closed by the mob but not allowed to work.

The corner building having been nearly destroyed, some one of the engineers mounted the engine and appealed to the crowd for permission to throw water upon the fire, telling them that they had accomplished their purpose in burning the Marshal's office.

About 1 o'clock Chief-Engineer Decker arrived at the scene of conflagration, and seeing how matters stood, ordered the firemen to go to work and extinguish the flames. The crowd had at this time reached down Third Avenue, and consequently the firemen were not molested. Steamers No. 33 and No. 46, with several hand engines, threw streams of water on the flames, thus preventing the conflagration from extending to the neighboring buildings.

The house occupied by the Marshal was of brick, four stories high, and belonged to Grand & Co. Mr. Jeremiah Deane, an inmate, lost over \$4,000. R. Blake also lost heavily. One poor woman whose husband is in the war was turned out of a nice bed. Altogether six families were rendered homeless.

The adjoining building, No. 67, was also destroyed; it was tenanted in the lower story as a lager beer saloon, on the second floor by Henry Frank who loses \$7,000; A. Donnerman whose loss is \$2,000; H. Degelow and A. Wolstein who lose \$1,500.

No. 681 was occupied as a bakery and boarding-house, and was totally destroyed. The blacksmith shop of Robert Pettigrew, on the southeast corner of Third Avenue and Forty-sixth street, also took fire and was destroyed. In consequence of the ex-

citement it was impossible to obtain full particulars in regard to the losses in this section.

Shortly after 11 o'clock a detachment of the Provost Guard numbering fifteen and a half files belonging to the Invalid Corps left the Park Barracks and reached the ground about noon. Upon reaching 34th street the mob began to surround them, hooting, yelling and groaning. The guard formed in line between 44th and 45th streets, but were so closely pressed upon all sides that they were unable to "order arms." The mob now commenced pushing and jostling the soldiers and throwing stones at them when Lieutenant Reed, who was in command of the guard, ordered his men to load, and immediately after gave the order to "fire," when the soldiers poured a volley into the crowd; but no one, it seems, was hurt. The crowd, who had retreated a short distance when the firing commenced, quickly rallied, and closing upon the guard, wrested their arms from their hands and discharged several of the pieces which had been re-loaded, into the crowd. The soldiers, thus disarmed, quickly retreated, but were pursued by the infuriated throng.

The pursuit was kept up as far as 20th street, when it was abandoned, and a majority of the men escaped; one of the soldiers was pursued up 41st street to 1st Avenue, where a crowd of some twenty men surrounded him, knocked him down and beat him until he was insensible. A number of women joined in and one of them endeavored to stab him with a layonet, but another woman took the weapon out of her hand and carried it off. The soldier was left dead on the walk.

Another of the Guard endeavored to make his escape by climbing the rocks near 41st street. No sooner, however, was his intention discovered, than another portion of the rioters "grabbed" him, and taking him to the top of the rocks stripped his uniform off him, and after beating him almost to a jelly, threw him over a precipice some twenty feet high on the hard rocks beneath; not content with this stone and brick were thrown at him as he lay helpless until he was half buried.

Soon after the defeat of the soldiers a strong squad of police made their appearance in line of battle. As soon as the mob caught sight of them they fired a volley of stones, knocking down two of the officers. The police at once drew their clubs and revolvers, but after a contest of a few minutes they were also forced to retreat, which they did in good order until near Forty-sixth street, when one of them discharged his revolver four times into the midst of the throng, shooting a horse that was attached to a wagon standing on the corner. A rush was made at once for the office, who immediately retreated into a store near by, the people of which at once barred the door and endeavored to give him protection. The crowd, however, went to the back of the house, tore down the fence, and rushed into the building, seized the policeman, knocked him down, and beat him in a fearful manner.

Sergeant Kane of the Provost Guard was struck with a paving stone and knocked senseless. Private Hobbs was injured in the face, and had his knee-cap fractured.

Private Heilner was knocked down, the crowd jumping upon and beating him dreadfully.

Police Superintendent Kennedy, though in citizens dress, was observed by the mob who made a rush at him and knocked him leading into the gutter, when several of the rioters kicked him and beat him dreadfully about the head, face, and body. Some one of his friends who chanced to be near by, recognizing Mr. Kennedy, went to his assistance and succeeded in rescuing him. Mr. Kennedy was taken into a store and thence removed to his residence in a carriage. His injuries, though severe, are not regarded of a fatal character, yet will involve his remaining perfectly quiet for some days.

The rioters were composed of the employees of the several railroad companies; the employees of Brown's iron factory, in 61st street; Taylor's factory, in 41st street; Cummins's street contractor, and numerous manufacturers in the upper part of the city. The crowd marched through many of the streets in the upper part of the city, compelling laborers in every quarter to knock off work and fall in. A few demured, but were brought into the ranks by furious threats. After a march of about an hour, the mob halted in front of Provost Marshal Jenkins's office, where they commenced their work of destruction.

The telegraph poles were cut down with axes procured in a neighboring hardware shop and thrown across the track of the Third Avenue Railroad. None of the cars on this road were allowed to pass through the space occupied by the crowd on the block between Forty-fifth and Forty-sixth streets.

The streets from 11th to 61st and the Avenue were full of knots and throngs of laboring men, some counseling violence at once, others discussing their power to effect anything, many drowning bitter judgment in frequent potations of ardent spirits.

No one seemed able to tell where the inhibitory steps of this movement were taken. In a score of places at once men ceased labor and poured into the streets.

The buildings on the Avenue having been pretty well destroyed, the mob turned their attention to other locations.

In the vicinity of the Forty-sixth-street Station of the Harlem and New-Haven Railroad, where the engines are attached to the cars, the mob, some 1,500 strong, armed with pickets torn from fences, billets of wood, &c., had their own way, but fortunately did no damage to the property of the Company.

The vast crowd swayed to and fro, racing first in this direction, then in that, attacking indiscriminately every well-dressed man. The general cry was, "Down with the rich men." Three gentlemen taking together on Lexington Avenue were set upon and knocked down, narrowly escaping with their lives. While the firemen were at work in Third Avenue, Mr. Andrews of Virginia ascended a shanty which stood opposite the building ruins, where thousands were assembled. Behind this was an open space of unroofed ground occupied by dense masses, when Mr. Andrews proceeded to address them.

He wished he had the lungs of a Stentor, and that he was a reporter present to take down his words. He said he had lately addressed them at a meeting at the Cooper Institute, where he told them Mr. Lincoln wanted to see the red-working man from his wife and family and send him to the war. He denounced Mr. Lincoln for his conservatism, which was in favor of the rich and against the poor man. He called him a Nero and a Caugula for such a treatment of the country and given to this war prey of men! Were they more liberal in supplying men and money in the time of their Revolutionary Wars, or in their war with England in 1812 than in the present unhappy struggle? Certainly not. He then advised the people to organize to resist the draft and appoint their leader, and, if necessary, he would be their leader. [Uproarious cheering.]

[From the distance at which the reporter stood he could but indistinctly hear much of Mr. Andrews's address, and any attempt to take a note might bring on the unfortunate reporter an assault from some one in the crowd.]

Immediately after this the leaders of the assaulting party proceeded to a large and beautiful dwelling on the corner of Forty-seventh street and Lexington Avenue, followed by an excited crowd, and immediately proceeded to attack the building, for the reason, it was said, that a policeman had taken refuge there.

The mob broke in the doors, which they tore from the hinges, smashed every pane of glass both front and rear, and then commenced to fling out of the windows everything upon which they could lay their hands. Pictures, with gilt frames, elegant pier glasses, sofas, chairs, clocks, furniture of every kind, wearing apparel, bed clothes, &c., &c., a whole library was scattered in showers through the windows—they were wound up by setting fire to the building, amid the wild cheers, yells and hooting of those who surrounded the house.

At one time it was stated that a marine had escaped into the house on the south-west corner of Third Avenue and Forty-second street. The crowd at once rushed in and, bursting open the hall door ran up stairs into the apartments of Mr. Geo. W. Yeomans, whose wife had just been confined. On seeing this, and being assured by the gentleman that no soldier was concealed in his rooms, the mob retired. Some thieves, however, ran up stairs and breaking into the rooms stole a coat, several dresses, and \$10 in money.

Bell's Head (Allerton's) Hotel Forty-fourth street, near Fifth Avenue, was gutted and fired, apparently because it contained a branch office of the American Telegraph Co. The crowd divided into two or three gangs, with leaders bearing pieces of boards for banners on which were written "Independent," "No Draft," &c., and it was unsafe to express a single word in dissent from the proceeding. Several signs were fired in Fourth Avenue, but whether in the air or otherwise our reporter did not learn.

The uptown station-houses were being largely re-furnished, but up to 5 o'clock p. m. there were not police enough to hazard a conflict with the mob. Hundreds of mere boys, from 15 to 18 years of age, were armed with clubs, or pickets, and were marching in the ranks.

About 2 o'clock p. m. a gentleman connected with the Press, while standing on the corner of Forty-sixth street and Third Avenue, was attacked by the crowd, "here's a d-d Abolitionist; let 's hang him."

He was seized by the hair and dragged toward an awning post, but fortunately something else diverting the attention of the crowd, he escaped up Third Avenue—but only for a short time, for a blow with a paving stone on the back of the head and another one in the face stunned him so, that he lost all consciousness, and while in this state he lost his gold watch and chain, diamond breast-pin and \$30 in money.

Four gentlemen, Messrs. W. W. Ryan, F. McGinnis, A. Hunt and E. J. Dunn, here came up, and taking charge of the wounded man conveyed him to the truck house of Hook and Ladder Company No. 16, on the corner of Lexington Avenue and Fifth street, followed all the time by the excited crowd, who wanted nothing less than to hang him, but he was finally got in and the doors closed. The crowd in the mean time kept hammering at the doors. The gentleman was finally got away without further trouble.

About 3 o'clock a procession of about 5,000 people marched up First Avenue, all armed with bats, pickets, &c., threatening vengeance on all persons connected with the draft. They halted in front of the Eighteenth Ward Station-House in Twenty-second street, yelling in a demagogical manner.

About 4 o'clock p. m. the rioters, perfectly frenzied with liquor, roamed about in every direction attacking people indiscriminately, and burning every building in which they saw a policeman take refuge.

In the evening our reporter visited the City Arsenal, at the corner of White and Elm streets, and found everything in readiness to repel any attack. Col. John Masing of the 10th New-York Militia had about 100 of the best men of his regiment under arms, beside a battery of 6-pounders, loaded with canister. The guns were all ready to be pushed out in case an attack was made. Two companies of the 10th, under the command of Captains Balcock and Baldwin, were sent at an early hour during the day to protect the General Arsenal in the Central Park, and during our reporter's stay another company, under Capt. Fleming, was sent to reinforce them. Col. Howard of the 13th Artillery sent a few of his best officers and some gunners to assist Col. Masing. Col. Masing had made up his mind that the property under his charge should only be taken with his and his men's lives. Major Aaron Seelye of the 19th rendered the Colonel valuable aid.

The 10th Regiment were to start last evening for the seat of war—they being under orders to report at Baltimore. As they were on the eve of starting, Col. Lansing received an order from Gen. Sanford to remain in the city until further orders.

CASUALTIES AMONG THE POLICE.

As far as can be learned, the following are the casualties among the police force:

Sergeant Ellison of the Eighth Precinct is now lying at the Twenty-first Precinct Station, suffering from severe injuries in the head, and is not expected to recover. Dr. Ranney is in attendance there.

Sergeant Ellison becoming separated from his command, and being pursued by the crowd, took refuge in a liquor-store corner of Forty-second street and Third Avenue.

The crowd surrounded the house, and demanded that the officer should be produced.

The crowd rushed into the house, tore down the fence in the rear, and dragged the Sergeant down Third Avenue, beating him with stones, clubs, chairs, and other missiles, until he was almost senseless, still compelling him to walk along, surrounded by the infuriated mob.

Officer Fleming of the Twenty-ninth Precinct received a serious wound on the head, and is not expected to live. He was taken to the Bellevue Hospital. Officer John H. McCarthy of the Twenty-ninth is lying at a house in Third Avenue in a very dangerous condition. Officers Henderson, Morrissey, Swenson, Holmes, Lee, McIntyre, and Looney were all badly injured about the head and body, and received medical aid at the Samaritan-House and Hospital.

Officer Phillips of the Fifteenth Precinct was very much injured about the head and body, and is in a very weak condition.

Officer Bennett of the Fifteenth Precinct was also seriously injured, and was conveyed to St. Luke's Hospital for treatment.

Officer John Walsh of the Ninth Precinct is lying at a house on Third Avenue seriously injured.

Officer Law of the Eighth Precinct was sent to the Bellevue Hospital, suffering from severe wounds in the head.

On reaching the corner of Fortieth street, a squad of about 30 policemen of the Eighth, Fifteenth and Twenty-ninth Precinct, commanded by Sergeants Wade and McCreedy, charged on the crowd, and succeeded in rescuing the unfortunate sergeant.

They then drove the crowd up the Avenue to Fortieth street, but were there surrounded and outflanked.

They made a desperate resistance but were obliged to fly, pursued by overwhelming numbers of the crowd, who assailed them with stones, bricks, bats, clubs, &c.

Several of the officers took refuge in the houses wing the Avenue, but they were dragged forth and beaten until insensible on the sidewalk.

John Gibbs, 349 Sixth Avenue, policeman, was brought into the droves yards hotel, 44th street, about half past two, badly cut about the head by some of the mob, who fell upon him some distance from the scene of the riot; his only offence being his uniform.

Sergeant Wade was struck in the breast and badly bruised. His injuries are not serious however.

THE MILITIA CALLED OUT.

At an interview at the Mayor's office, Gen. Wool, in compliance with the request of the Mayor, sent a dispatch to the fortifications directing the officers in command to send all the men that could be spared to this city, to report immediately to Gen. Sanford. The 1st and 3d Cavalry, which had been ordered to parade at the funeral of Col. Cook, were ordered to proceed forthwith to the Seventh Avenue Arsenal.

Lieut.-Col. Masing, with a portion of his force, was ordered to the upper Arsenal.

One hundred citizens of the Sixth Ward, reported themselves in readiness to General Sanford, for such duty as he might assign them to. General Sanford sent them to the Arsenal in White street.

General Wool and the authorities at the Brooklyn Navy Yard were notified of the disturbances, and a large force of United States Marines, besides a considerable number of soldiers of the regular army, were ordered into instant service.

Gen. Sanford issued the following order, calling a meeting at the 7th Regiment Armory at 8 o'clock in the evening, to concert measures for the protection of the city:

HEADQUARTERS FIRST DIVISION N. Y. S. M., New-York, July 13, 1863.

The officers of this Division and of the United States Volunteers now in this city, who are required to assist in preserving the peace of the city, are requested to meet at the 7th Regiment Armory, over Tenth Avenue Market, this evening at 8 o'clock.

CHARLES W. SANFORD, Major-General.

The following order has also been issued by Gen. Sanford:

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In answer to the call of Gen. Sanford, the ex-officers now in the city met at the 7th Regiment armory last evening and took steps toward the formation of one or more regiments to assist in protecting New-York against such violence. Julius M. Adams, late of the 1st Long Island Volunteers, was called to the chair, and Capt. W. C. Church, late of Major-General Casey's staff appointed Secretary.

Quite a number of officers left their names with the Secretary as ready for duty, and a Committee was appointed on organization. Gen. Sanford, who came in during the proceedings, advised that under for regimental organizations be formed by the members of different militia regiments present, and that they exert themselves to procure volunteers for service. Ex-officers of volunteer regiments were invited to report to Col. J. M. Davies, late of the Harris Light Cavalry, who will form them, with the men they shall bring into companies and battalions.

All such officers now in the city are requested to report to Col. Davis this morning, at 8 o'clock, at the Armory of the 7th Regiment. They will come prepared to report the number of men they can procure at once. Discharged soldiers, and others willing to be of service in the present emergency, are requested to appear at the same time and place.

ASSAULTS UPON COLORED PEOPLE.

As if by preconcerted action an attack was made upon colored men and boys in every part of the city during the day. Crowds of from 100 to 500 persons hunting them like bloodhounds. Several ineffective colored men were dragged off the city cars and badly beaten, while a number were taken from carts and drays which they were driving and terribly maltreated.

A small colored boy, about 9 years old, was set upon and hunted at the corner of Broadway and Chambers street by the mob. He jumped on a two-horse wagon that was passing by, when stones and sticks were hurled at him from every quarter. We believe the poor little fellow escaped.

THE COLORED ORPHAN ASYLUM.

The Orphan Asylum (in Fifth Avenue, near Forty-sixth street), was fired about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. The infuriated mob, eager for any outrage, were turned that way by the simple suggestion that the building was full of colored children. They clamored round the house like demons, filling the air with yells. A few policemen, who attempted to make a stand, were instantly overpowered—several being severely or fatally injured. While this was going on, a few of the less evil disposed gave notice to the inmates to quit the building.

The sight of the helpless creatures stayed, for a moment, even the most ferocious mob; but the orphans were so outnumbered that the work of demolition commenced. First the main building was gutted, and then set on fire. While it was burning, the large wing adjoining—used as a dormitory—was stripped, halde and out. Several hundred iron beds were carried off—such an exodus of this article was never witnessed before perhaps. They radiated in every direction for half a mile.

Cupboards were dragged away at length; desks, stools, chairs, tables, books of all kinds—everything movable—was carried off. Even the caps and buttons of the poor children were stolen. The writer picked up fragments of testimonials for a quarter of a mile down Fifth Avenue. While the rioters stripped the building of furniture, their wives and children, and hundreds who were too cowardly to assist the work of demolition, carried them off. The wing, while yet unburning, swarmed with rioters, who seemed endowed with a demagogical energy to rend in pieces, rob and destroy.

Shutters and doors were torn off and tumbled into the streets. These were seized and torn to pieces almost before they touched the ground, and, with everything else, carried off with surprising celerity. Several persons were injured, and it is supposed some killed, by the falling of shutters and furniture from the windows. Even the gutters were hewn off, and the chimneys tumbled down.

The fire-engines were there in great numbers, but were not permitted to work, except upon the adjacent buildings. What was very marked, as the destruction proceeded, was the absence of excitement. Things were done as quietly and coolly by the rioters as if they were saving instead of destroying property. Mingling with the crowd—which amounted, perhaps, to 5,000 or 6,000 persons—were many who were evidently not of them; but except in cases of incautious utterance, they were not molested.

One or two persons who attempted a remonstrance were summarily disposed of, being beaten and trampled under foot. There were some who, though they took part in the plunder, seemed to regret the occasion, and one—a drunken Irishman, too, with a blotted face, a gigantic fellow—whispered in the writer's ear, with evident good-will:

"Take yer watch out o' yer pocket, honey, or some o' the b'ys will take it for yer."

CORNER OF TWENTY-NINTH STREET AND BROADWAY.

While this scene was enacting, a large detachment of rioters ran down to the enrollment rooms corner of Broadway and Twenty-ninth street. The object here was more evidently plunder. The lower part of this fine building was composed of stores, filled with costly goods. Every vestige was carried off. A jeweler's shop was the object of special attention. Gold watches, brooches, bracelets, breast-pins, and all manner of valuable bijouterie flew about in the crowd, flashing in the light. The negroes were forgotten in the more congenial business of robbery. A gentleman stood by the writer, and unable to contain himself, exclaimed:

"This is an unspeakable outrage—as an American citizen, I am ashamed."

The words scarce out of his mouth, before he was prostrated by a blow from a cudgel, and his head split open.

As soon as the stores were stripped, the cry arose: "Burn the building! Burn it! Burn it!"

Half a hundred willing hands were at work in a moment. The house seemed to be fired in as many places at once; for it was in flames from garret to basement in five minutes. The flames roared in emulation of the demons' throats that yelled around them. As at the Asylum, the engines were on hand, but were forced to be idle. The firemen restrained themselves with difficulty—unaccustomed to see the flames rage without fighting them—and at length began to play on the adjoining building in which they were not interrupted.

The walls fell nearly simultaneously, and with an awful crash, not twenty minutes after the matches were set. Within an hour of the time of the first attack, the mob was off for THE TRIBUNE OFFICE. Threatening prominent Republican leaders were fiercely assailed, and various schemes were heard to be canvassed by squads of the rioters.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

It was in the "blocks on the right-hand side going up," between 44th and 48th streets on the 3d Avenue, that the greater part of the daylight up-town fighting took place yesterday; and it was there that by far the greater portion of the serious mischief to property was perpetrated; it was there that Police Superintendent Kennedy was attacked and seriously injured, &c. &c. seriously his physicians had not at our last accounts positively determined; it was here that nearly a full block of beautiful new stone and ornamental brick-work retail merchants' stores, with dwellings attached, was deliberately set fire to and burned, in broad daylight, by an infuriated mob; it was here that other members of the police force than their Superintendent and officers were knocked down by bricks and stones; were beaten down by clubs and pieces of iron-picket fences and other improvised weapons, and were nearly brained by the boot-heels of their savage foes, who were hoarse with long-continued howls for blood, and grew cowardly in exact proportion to their brutal success in beating and bruising unarmed and indolent men.

The authorities had hired a room in the lower story of the building corner Third Avenue and Forty-fifth Street for the purpose of making the final arrangements for the draft. The actual drawing was here to take place—the wheel and tables of the clerks and all things were in readiness.

Superintendent Kennedy, the very head and front of the police, was there in person to oversee matters in general, and use his personal influence and endeavors to keep the peace, and reconcile those who might chance to be drafted, to their patriotic fate.

Those who had hoped that even in that much-doubted district all things would go well and quietly were sadly disappointed. Murmurs and ominous whispers among the crowd, which were interchanged between men whose lowering brows, set teeth, and violently inquiring glances, directed toward the building itself, the attending officers, and every man who entered the fatal room, told of serious trouble speedily to come.

The force of police immediately in attendance were sadly inadequate, though it is but just to say that the whole available force was within easy call, and that they presented themselves at the very instant their services were demanded by their superiors.

There had been in this District, at in one or two others, the threats of mob interference with the duties of the officers, though but few of those most interested had really believed it until they were rather roughly awakened to the fact by some particularly bold and convincing proofs of the tender solicitude with which they were regarded by the crowd, in the shape of a shower of paving stones and bricks—bats.

Passing over the preliminary symptoms, we come at once to the sounding up, which it may be more immediately intelligible to state at once. The facts, then, are these: The men who set on the burning mobs of yesterday, Monday, July 13, 1863, are guilty of Aggravated Assault and Battery—of Grand Larceny—of Criminality restraining the Execution of the Laws with armed violence—of Treason—of Insurrection—of Arson—and of Murder.

The catalogue looked but one atrocity to prove itself matches in brutal villainy in the whole world's history of even mob anarchy and violence; and so this mob—these amiable gentlemen—because they were content to rest their tired heads upon their innocent pillows, added this last and crowning item to the Christianlike list of their Good-Samaritan deeds—they deliberately set on fire, over the heads of the terrified and screaming children, an Orphan Asylum. Does this fact call for comment?

The mob, which did the horrid work at Forty-fifth street and thereabouts, though occasionally augmented by quickly gathered numbers of thoughtless boys, hurrying fire companies (who, on more than one occasion mistook the heading charges of the rioters, for a rush to some new-discovered fire),

really, as to his active members was made up of about 300 persons.

There were more than those who threw an occasional stone, or howled an unearthly howl, but the persistent working members of this tremendous brickbat committee were not more than the number above stated. But this 300, it was plain to see, were acting under regularly selected leaders—were acting with a previously understood purpose, and were carrying on their atrocities by the aid of a certain amount of rough, but effective discipline.

No person who carefully watched the movements of this mob, who noted their careful attention to the words of certain tacitly-acknowledged leaders, who observed the unquestionably preconcerted regularity with which they proceeded from one part of their infernal programme to the next; and the persistency with which the "rear guard" remained and fought off all who dared attempt to check any part of the destruction that everywhere marked their work, can presume to doubt that these men are acting under leaders who have carefully elaborated their plans, who have, as they think, made all things sure for their accomplishment, and that they are resolved to carry them out through fire and blood, this day's crimson work fully attests.

It is not possible to state exactly at what time, or what instant of time the ferocious opposition first manifested itself. But almost immediately after the office doors were opened the secondaries began their work. The officers in charge of the work in hand were assailed with every variety of opprobrious epithet their feeble distortion of the English tongue can furnish. More substantial tokens of their regard soon followed. Inkstands, paving-stones, bricks, clubs, blocks of mud, old bits of crockery, and every available missile, was hurled at the unfortunate clerks through the windows.

Everything breakable was of course instantly demolished—the glass in the windows lasted but a second, the sashes except but a second, while the window-frames, door-pannels, tables, chairs, shelves, drawers, &c., were instantly smashed into kindling wood as carefully preserved for that purpose.

The officers were as the merest playthings in the multitudinous hands of this second mob. They, and some unhappy gentlemen whose ill fortune led them to this vicinity at this instant, and who were mistaken for "drill officers," were instantly dragged from their places (those who had not been able to escape from the doomed house before the red-handed murderers reached it), were knocked down, were beaten with fists, with clubs, with stones—were kicked in the head, were pitched about in the crowd from one infuriated ruffian to another yet more mad with whisky and with rage, until at last they were kicked to the confines of the crowd, whose attention had been attracted by a new object for persecution and for torture.

Alas! for this hapless personage—for once notoriety was knocked—celebrity meant club—distinction meant "D—n the Yankee Parlor son of a— (not lady); down with him; duck him; drown him"—all of which they proceeded to do, save the latter, this item in their promised programme was more than they could accomplish, though the other page foreman they went through with to the letter.

And this hapless individual was John A. Kennedy, Superintendent of the police force of the City of New-York. The mob nearly killed him. They meant to kill him. They set out with a determination to kill him. They beat him, dragged him through the streets by his head, pitched him into a horse-pond, rolled him in mud-gutters, dragged him through piles of filth indescribable. All the time kicks, blows, and cuffs innumerable were bestowed by those nearest to him. Those in the background reacted over the stooping heads of their numerous colleagues in their front, and pitched stones, while bricks, quantities of mud and every available missile until their hands could reach, and celebrated their holiday murder by such shouts of joy and savage glee as could only be emitted from barbarous throats.

Only when they thought him dead did the mob leave him to give their attention to a different line of business in the catalogue of crime.

Arson was their next achievement.

The Enrolling office was in a lower room hired for the purpose, in a fine brick store on the corner of 45th and 47th-sts. There were two vacancies in the block—two city lots not filled.

There was also one pleasant little cottage dwelling-house, and the rest of the lots were taken up by a block of comparatively new five-story "stores," which were occupied for business purposes by various retail merchants.

The attic rooms and the rear apartments of these "stores" were inhabited by families, and terrified women and children were turned by scores into the streets yesterday morning by this organized mob of foreign rowdies, who are rushing more surely to their own destruction than they can be made to comprehend.

After the murder, (for they meant it to be murder, and only an accidental miscarriage of their preconcerted scheme saved them from the joy of their delicious manslaughter,) of Superintendent Kennedy they proceeded deliberately to fire the building.

The remains of the desks, drawers, chairs, tables, window-panes, &c., answered the purpose for which they had been reserved, and they served as quick kindling-wood.

In less than ten minutes the building was thoroughly on fire. So far given over to the flames that watery salvation was impossible.

Then, and not till then, did the yelling pirates leave the building. While there was a chance to rob, to steal anything more, to pick up anything not already appropriated by some speedier scoundrel, some one or two remained.

When all was stolen, and the flames crept up so near as to endanger their own precious necks, these gentlemen took their gentlemanly leave, and retired gently and adieu, and joined their fellow-ruffians in the street who were engaged in perpetrating an atrocity that, in New-York, and it is to be hoped, in the civilized world is unique.

They were prevented by force of clubs and stones the firemen from putting out the fire.

The alarm has been sounded. The Department, with their customary alacrity, were on the spot in an incredibly short time.

They untied their hose—fitted their brakes, got up steam on the steam fire engines, and then, when they were ready to go to work and save the building adjoining the obnoxious "Enrollment Office," the howling, drunken mob interfered.

They drove the firemen from their apparatus, clubbed them and stoned them whenever they attempted to work, and eventually the citizens stood a block of fine buildings burned in broad day light by a mob who by threats and force beat from their duty our New-York firemen, who were there ready to work, willing to work, anxious to work; begging permission from a mob they were not then strong enough to conquer, to save from utter ruin the property of their neighbor, whose substance was being then and there destroyed before their eyes.

And all this time there were women and children in these houses, whose beds were being burned almost literally under them, and who, pale, trembling, and writhed, were glad to be able to thank God that they were graciously permitted to pass through the mob with their lives. Their little all burned before their very eyes by the ferocious floods, they